



# the chasm of lost balloons

a chapbook by Losian the LostPoet

## Ambrosia in the park

Redivise revolutions to reap  
the returned from sleep.

Awakened by salt in the air  
onto their naked wound.

Spoon feed me the knowledge  
outside of the college ruled paper.

Rape the moment.

For the jewels encased within your opponent  
must run free.

When dusk comes flee  
to the hills and convene there.

Fireflies will be our light.

Get acclimated with the dark.

Walk among us-

taste ambrosia in the park.

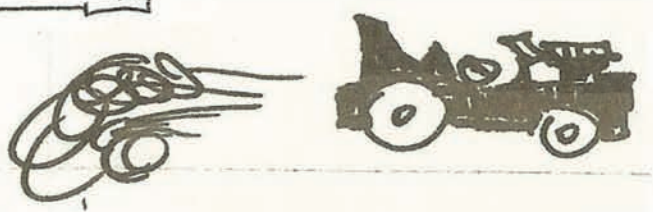
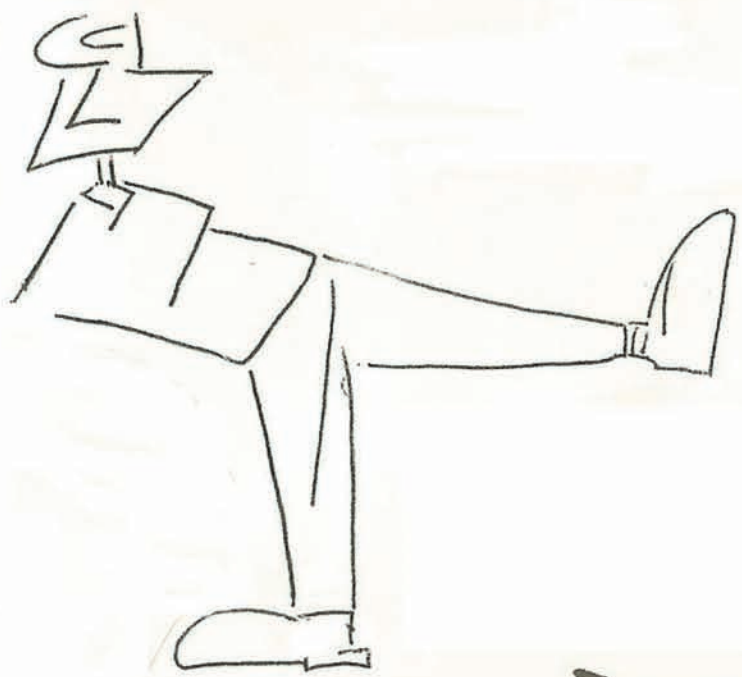
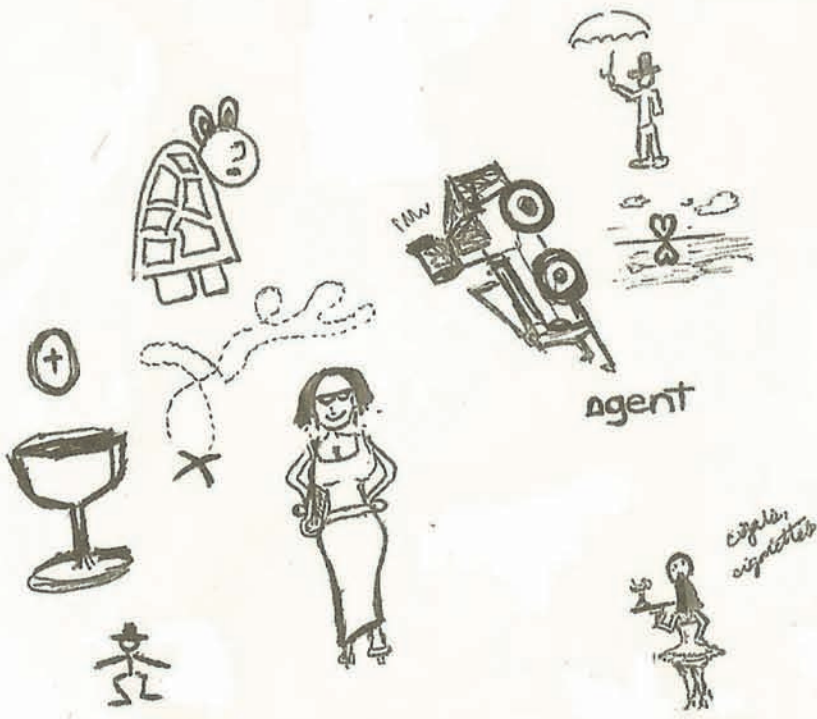
**cuneiform**

**I'm selling poetry on compact disc  
I use to hold,  
now I desecrate the crucifix  
time is uniform  
uniforms cuffin my wrist  
while cuneiform is written by my fingertips kiss.**

the distant river

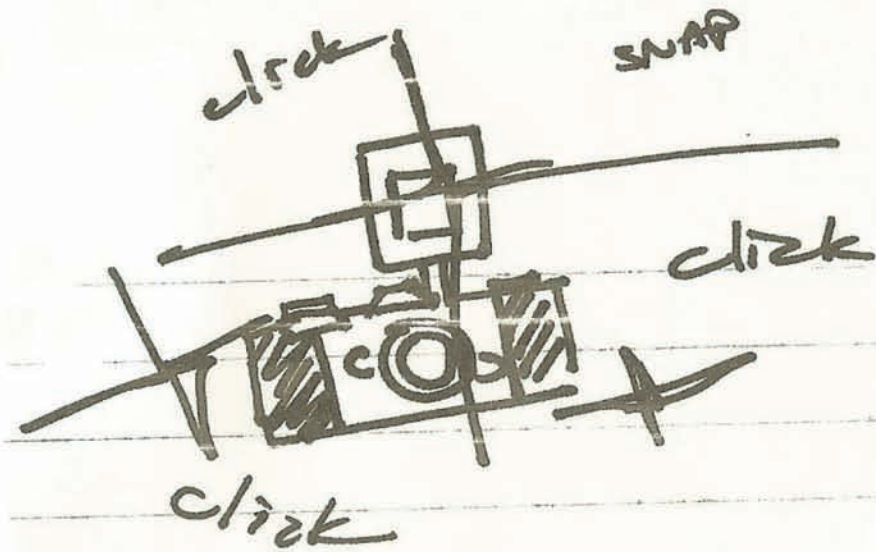
the scent of vanilla tobacco  
and mint juleps rode the air.  
my woman two twin purple tulips in her hair.  
As the new moon stared,  
clouds converted it to a wink.  
I flirted a drink.  
My woman's eyes were chaperones  
the other woman didn't speak.  
But we connected like Rome and the Byzantine.  
Delerium was in a green form  
I sipped it.  
Perplexed as my lips touched the liquid,  
uplifted  
I held the tablecloth for balance.  
Challenging gravity with pure will  
my concience was ill.  
My stance was that of a vampire enhanced.  
We wrote  
chapters of our autobios.  
My woman was frozen in carbonite  
or some kind of cryo -stasus.  
My status was evasive at conflict  
so I raced my eyes back to my chick  
and spit a parachute to save my shit.  
Then I returned  
and got my bidi lit from the distant river  
she delivered speech enough to make a pen quiver.

10/2/03



disappearing thoughts  
turn into manifestos  
written in a fury of confusion  
sleeping  
yet my eyes are still awake  
waiting

diversions



## explorers of exploitation

shamans with sideman salmon eyes  
spin interludes followed by a reprise  
of melodrama.

karma chased by my action  
powdered noses in my presence  
but I am narcotic the airborne pathogen  
obscure in molecular structure -  
hidden behind the nitrogen.

Cyphers in red lit lantern hallways -  
skinny so we are ovalled -  
quiverspeak quelled for too long  
we are consonant cuneiform spoken.

We are common winters, ambiguous visages  
deliverers of insight and futility.

Symbiotic, anti-biotic hymnals that reach  
communities with neutron split speed.

Deed titles that bleed,  
philosophies contain weeds.  
read me, drink me, eat me  
I am torrential.

Sour notes for sour memories times an <sup>absurd</sup>  
exponential.

I am ventricled, tributarian  
missionaries reap my vegetation.  
absorb our conversation  
we are explorers of exploitation.

(Hip Hop)



am I far along gone?  
to the point of abuse?  
I was asleep in the tress  
I slept in a noose.  
I saw a goose fly by  
it was golden.  
Captive- I was holding  
a pen, letting my vision speak for me.  
40 days and nites of temptation times seven  
we cordially met  
and I tasted the unleavened.  
He spoke of how it was  
not of what it ought to be.  
I was taught morals  
and look what the devil cost me.

## Freedom and Sin

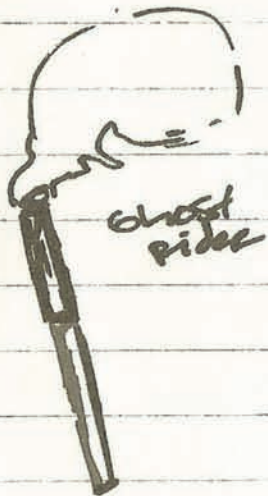
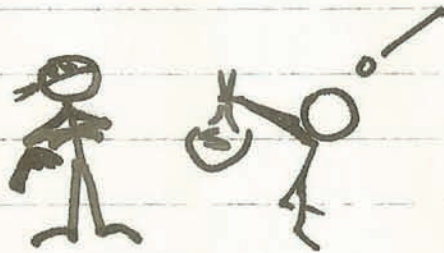
Suspended in the atmosphere  
i spoke elevated words  
that plunged as spurs into the countryside.  
Angels by my side,  
I held their palms.  
I presented my arms to St Peter  
and my alms to the angels.  
My arms are bullets.  
My imagination fled me,  
it struck them.  
Feet carry me do not defeat me.

They lay where I lay  
my mouth open as if to say something  
yet bluffing, nothing.  
I am enough to climb your reality  
this jar is a formality,  
handle me.  
I am born into what you claim you know  
all of into which you exist.  
Yet I grow in this environment  
and shit,  
I'll be damned before I go somewhere else you pick.  
As your angels lie next to my corpse  
isn't it poetic?

7/5/02

Yuck!

get  
mail



JUMP!

ABCDEFGHIJKL  
MNOPQRSTUVWXYZ  
YZ

**I am a writer.**

**In this new text document, I find myself somewhere I never expected. My eyes can't escape these 46 or so birds (sparrows that is), that swim the ether. So excuse my approach into your eyes.**

**Djarums, a fantastic magic smoke to be sure. Awakens me from my desolate incoherence. Unable to grasp most of my thoughts, my mind typically remains a chasm of lost balloons. Today remains stapled to my memory, for I have just had a full fledged dream of my first 18 hours. Now as I return to the waking state, I remember my dream, and not my reality.**

**Awakened in a red rimmed rose sunrise, my orange thoughts took me to the tiled decor where me and myself floated along. My usual hygenic detours were met, but soon I slid half jones at the itchy blue moon. Spoken like a true man of cloth, my "hello's" were science- as they were reflected with a bonus smile each and every time. Lush with joy and the sky rich with ambience, I tasted the nectar of the sweet air. The aftertaste had a melancholy tartar, so I swiveled my head. And from afar, a silhouette perched its body in afterglow. I read the moment and approached the silhouette with a piece of shadow- a sliver that slept on my heels. Wielding these rich mind psychologies, the shadow was to sure understand my hello and rebut my silence.**

**With a smile painted onto a devils growl, I smiled inside but my face could only frown. Your eyes calm as the seas. With a fear of water you are my disease. You infect me in these moments. With bloody tests in the calm light, my is body purple from opponents.**

**So I walk away alone.**

**Now in the present, she spies when I think of her with someone else. Fucking him or laughing at the situation I have myself. Now how can I escape her, erase her, knife debate her, rape her and take her into my heart? I must write.**

**I am a writer.**



**is there a home for peace of mind?  
or time to appreciate?  
Philosophers are null in a hunt for estate.  
Children are golden but lose their innocence  
What civilization do we practice?**

**matter**

**"you should never stop writing"  
said the young optimist,  
she occupied my moments like a colonist  
as I stood in obvious turmoil.**

**She was a distant beacon reflecting  
what I needed to see.  
But temptations tickle my pen and my fancy.  
Since infancy,  
subtle thoughts have gained momentum.  
Now for my hopes,  
I use kinetic energy to send them  
to hard form.  
Some call it matter.  
But I can't spite reluctance because I tend to scatter  
my focus  
and stretch time like a Fate hidden from sight  
so I can say  
my matters matter before I write.**

narcotics

imagine a tree with many limbs  
and a limb with a branch.  
is all it is to do is bare leaves and die?  
I bet a tree that caught a plane  
could say that it lived  
why not try?

narcotics  
6/8/02

ordinary time

without eyes I  
process  
altar boy with the purple rope,  
white robe  
iron vest.  
faithfully less than imagined.  
tatted dragons eating my soul,  
depleting my gold.

I am a  
man in ordinary time blind.  
without eyes I  
process  
holding crucifixes genuflecting,  
reflecting.  
I left my soul where yours stands.  
Watch us hold hands  
and me absorb it.

Morbid ambitions-  
leading people to my same state of mind.  
you call it capricorn effort  
to me its a burning zeppelin spine.  
Weapons?  
Find me equipped with two hypnotic orbs  
without eyes I profess "Lord!"  
I process in accord with the ocean's advances.  
Once a juggernaut of ignorance  
now intelligent cancers cripple my defenses.  
a lost angel without penance  
without eyes I find you senseless.

2/23/02

## Poetry

Who am I?

Step into my 20 second cipher  
life these days is trife

the closest one to you'll knife ya.

But I prefer the pen over the sword

Interject over chords.

The writer in this new world order

I'm the outsider

verbal tight like bricks and mortar.

The things you never thought about  
like dicks in your daughter.

Manifest poetic lyrics

detest wack MC's

and the ability top hear it.

I'm like a bet against the Bulls

everytime I got the Mike you fear it...

## the living daylights

I composed ill notes on a corner of paper,  
on the corner of my city a painter  
equipped with ink  
concentrated in one spot.  
Criminals crept as I wrote the plot.

Seven hours early I awoke  
Fresh.  
My cigarette still burned.  
As if I hadn't even slept.  
My eyes turned backwards  
I sacrificed a yawn to the day.  
Envision violins as an array of sounds hit me.  
Voices were thrown from left field  
unable to grasp the words  
I imagined the herbs and chilled.  
Seven men stood over me.  
Fright befalled.  
The walls bore my blood  
how I couldn't recall.  
These men spoke in echoed phrases.  
Chistled faces  
by artisans with evil tastes.  
If my memory was what they wanted it was erased.  
A painter outside my window recorded  
in a self portrait.  
It was written in his face-  
the pain and battery.  
Scattering my thoughts-  
below his face read as my biography.  
I raced my heartbeat to the door and fell  
I assumed it was my legs  
but a gunpowder smell followed me.  
Held by gravity's arms  
I was carried some four flights.  
My blood followed me  
for it too valued its life.

I welcomed the street with a fallen kiss.  
Twisted my neck,  
and found the shadows tracing my steps,  
the concrete remembered my lips  
and pulled me closer.  
Our intercourse reached its peak  
my blood was semen in her culture.

